# Confessions of a Mail Order Man

By Mr. M. O. X.

Revelations by One Whose Experience in the Business Covers a Range From Office Boy to General Manager

[This is the first of a series of articles exposing the methods for obtaining the people's money resorted to by the writer while in the employ of various mail order houses. They are the "confessions" of a man who was in the mail order business for many years and the revelations he makes are startling. For reasons of a business nature the writer withholds his name, but he is known to most of the big concerns as a capable and clever manager, and he knows whereof he speaks. To those who read these "confessions" he will be known merely as Mr. M. O. X.]

### INTRODUCTION.

Yes, I have been in the mail order game for a long time, so long that I hate to admit how many years Old Father Time has taken away from me.

The years have been busy ones. I have been in the harness since way back in the early "80's," when I started as errand boy for a little concern that sold merchandise over the counter and occasionally shipped a package to some irregular customer who lived out of town.

I have found it profitable. My wages finally were transformed into a salary, and the salary was increased, gradually at first, and then with increases and additions from percentages of profit from the business until,—well I have never had any complaint to make.

The man who can make good in the mail order game practically can name his own salary.

Who pays the salary? Why, you do, of course.

Probably ninety out of every one hundred readers of this newspaper have sent money to a big mail order house after reading one of my bright and optimistic catalogue descriptions or after receiving one of my carefully written form letters beginning with "Dear Friend."

Dear Friend—of course you have been a dear friend. You have paid my salary without a whimper, you have built up for various big concerns which have become wealthy through your orders (containing cash) magnificent buildings. You have bought automobiles, bonds, stock, real estate, elegant homes, trips all over the world, oceans of champagne, and everything else that the most exacting person could mention.

You have done all this by sending your orders (with the money) to the big mail order houses.

I know this, and you will believe that I do know it after you have read what I am writing—my "Confessions of a Mail Order Man."

My work has covered the whole United States. For many years I have written catalogue descriptions, handled the making of the not-always-honest illustrations, as you know to your cost and chagrin; written attractively worded letters urging you to send your orders (with the cash); gone into the market to buy merchandise with your money, which you kindly sent in advance, and, in fact, I have gone through the entire mill, from office boy to general executive, and have a modest block of stock, upon which you are paying me dividends right now, and which you will continue to make very profitable for me for the rest of my life, unless you wake up and quit sending orders (with the cash) to the mail order concern which issued the stock.

No, you won't stop sending your money to the big mail order houses for several years to come. Some of you will stop, when you begin to realize how you are opposing your own local prosperity and interfering with your own prospects, but enough of you will keep on sending your money to the big cities, so that I will never know the difference.

Besides this, if I see that you do begin to realize just what you are doing against your own town and your own friends and associates in business, and if I think the country is waking up to a realization of the utter foolishness of cutting your own throats by patronizing out-of-town concerns, then I shall sell my stock. I can get a big premium for it. There is enough of it to insure me from ever being troubled about money affairs again. You have seen to that. So in the classic words of the modern Aristotle, "I should worry."

In an attempt to analyze my own reasons for writing these "confessions" and exposing the whole mail order game, and showing how foolish it is for the people in the small towns to continue to stultify their own prosperity by sending their cash away, I am puzzled. Frankly and openly I must admit that I cannot answer this question even to myself.

I have no kick coming. I have been well treated. I have been well paid. I am prosperous.

Perhaps after all these years I have discovered a conscience.

### HOW LOCAL BUSINESS IS HURT.

To confess a fault, or a wrong, frankly and without reservation, is at least an indication of a wish to atone.

The confessions that I am about to make here, unreservedly and without evasion, are prompted only by my desire to show to the people in the smaller cities and towns of America the absolute folly and unwisdom of the policy of supporting big mail order establishments, at the expense and absolute loss of the hard-working local business men who are doing their best to build up their own communities; all of which work benefits and adds to the prosperity of every resident of the home town; at the same time adding most materially to the value of every foot of real estate in the community.

Of the ninety-odd millions of souls and bodies that inhabit these United States of America a very large proportion live in the country and in small towns and villages.

These people are the producers. They raise the grains and foodstuffs and the wool and the meat, hides, etc.

Those who live in the big cities are practically all dependent upon the efforts of those who live in the country, and in the small towns. They do not produce anything in comparison with the work of those who wrest from the soil the bountiful offerings of Nature. It is the work of those who lives in the cities to figure out how they can obtain that which is produced by the country people—how they can juggle the values of this product—how much money they can make out of it, etc. They do not produce anything.

They are the parasites. Without the country people there would be no cities. There would be no occasion for cities because there would be nothing to support them.

So it is the plan of the universe, as laid down by our rules and laws, that a certain big proportion of the people shall toil and spin while the smaller proportion shall exact the greater part of that which is produced by the toilers and make a profit sufficient to enable them to live in luxury while the toilers toil on, continuously.

It is not the toilers and spinners who take the trips to Europe. It is not the toilers and spinners who get up in the morning at nine o'clock and who spend their evenings at the theaters, cafes and cabarets, drinking wine and playing cards.

The toilers and spinners get out of bed when the family alarm clock out in the hen-house tells them day is breaking. They have no time for the theater or the cafe or the cabaret. It's a case of "hustle" all the time. It is vital that every working hour in the day shall be utilized in order to "produce" that which the scheme of our life in the present day provides must be produced to keep the whole machinery of civilization in motion.

What would happen to the people in the cities if this whole scheme should become disarranged—if there did not arrive in the cities, on schedule time every day, the train loans of cattle, grain, milk and all sorts of country produce. And the mail bags, filled with orders for the mail order houses.

What would happen? There would not long remain any citizens because they would starve, these parasites, if the source of supplies should be cut off.

And all of these supplies come from the counutry, from the people in this community. You do your full share toward supplying the cities.

Especially do you send your share of the orders for the mail order houses, with the cash.

There is a strange partnership between the people of the country and the people of the city, a partnership which, carefully analyzed, shows the following working agreement:

The country people shall delve and dig and toil and then hasten to ship their product to the city partner, who takes possession and disposes of the same to the best possible advantage (to himself). He then hands out to the country partner, begrudgingly and frequently only in case of a suit at law, a small part of the proceeds. Then you, the country partner, send this pittance back to the city, to the mail order house with an order.

Such is the result of a bald and unvarnished analysis of the partnership between farm and city, after applying the acid test.

Individual exceptions do not change or alter the general rule. You have citizens whose prosperity and affluence eloquently refute the foregoing statements but ordinarily you will discover that these prosperous men who are the exception to the rule are likened in character and motive to the old "tories" of Revolutionary days. They will be found to be affiliated in some manner, not to the general interests of the community, with the financial wolves of the big cities.

And it is such "tories" that help to insure a continuance of the conditions in the country towns and villages.

### Former Rulers of the Sea.

England's shipping, of course, is now more handicapped than that of any other nation. Three centuries ago the Dutch would have been the greatest sufferers, the Pall Mall Gazette remarks. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "Observations Concerning the Trade and Commerce of England," laments the fact that the people of Holland were outstripping the English, and monopolizing the carrying trade, "by the structure and roominess of their shipping," and sailing with fewer hands than our ships could.

### Rest for the Married Man.

"Why do you have your office on the same floor with a dentist?" asked Mrs Gabb. "Don't the painful noises worry you?"

"Sometimes," replied Mr. Gabb. "But I enjoy the painful silences."

"What do you mean by a painful silence?" asked Mrs. Gabb.

"That's when the dentist gets a woman in the chair and puts a rubber dam in her mouth," replied Mr. Gabb. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Handsome and Practical Corduroy Coat

Two favorites of fashion for this season enter into the composition of this handsome coat; they are the corduroy velvet of which it is made, and the opossum fur on the collar. Corduroy in a good quality is about the best choice one can make among materials designed for coats for general wear, and the high favor of opossum fur threatens to thin the ranks of the little animal, whose fine markings have lately sprung into unprecedented favor.

The coat is long, ample and graceful. It is cut with the long arm's-eye and easy adjustment which makes it practical for wear over evening gowns.

Linings selected for coats of this kind are of thin, supple silk or crepe, in order that the coat may fall in good lines about the figure. It is cut with full skirt, which ripples at the bottom, and is provided with a shaped belt and sash ends of the corduroy, also lined with silk. Machine stitching makes the finish, and the elegance of the coat is still further enhanced by the lack of any other trimming.

The model is double-breasted, fastening at the throat with a single large and ornamental button. A similar button in a smaller size appears on each cuff. The collar is made so that it may be rolled up about the neck and fastened with hook and eye in a high turnover.

Although pictured as worn over an evening gown, this coat is appropriate for all sorts of wear. The material is very serviceable, but its rich luster places it in the class of dressy coats as well as among those designed for much wear.

## Beautiful Types of Picture Hats

Two of the most beautiful hats of the season are portrayed here, and they belong to those types that with little variation reappear with each season. They are picture hats on such good lines and with so much to recommend them that their welcome is always assured.

The hat at the left is made of black velvet or of one of the dark shades which are fashionable in colors. The crown is round. The wide brim is flexible and cut with a straight edge at the right side. At the left it turns up and is bent toward the crown, showing, altogether, the influence of the season's tendency toward eccentric brims. Its lines are wonderfully becoming.

It remained for this season to show just what beautiful effects can be wrought by the artist whose medium of expression is the fancy feather. This hat is trimmed with fancy ostrich. It seems that nothing else could look just as well.

The hat at the right is a wide-brimmed French sailor made of velvet faced with striped plush. Its color possibilities are worth considering. It has a round crown and, for trimming, another masterpiece in fancy feathers.

It is not always easy to recognize the kind of feather which those clever people who work in them convert into the things of beauty that adorn so much of the season's millinery. But some feathers, like those of the bird of paradise, are too beautiful in their natural state to be improved upon, while others are vastly changed and beautified by the makers of fancy feathers.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

### The New Belts.

Four-inch belts of soft kid in light and medium colors are bound with black or white silk braid. Black ribbon lacings through black eyelets are seen on smart models. Ornaments and buckles to match are used on belts, the former being placed at the back. Buckles are also made of jet, gilt, pearl, galalith, silver, beads, etc. A very military-looking belt of kid or leather has for a fastening a buckle imitating four cartridges made of gilt, nickel, gun metal or a combination of two metals. Embroidered belts are used of satin, ribbon, soft kid or panne velvet. With princess fronts the belt disappeared under the side of the one-piece effect. Sometimes it is worn at the real waist line, or it may go an inch above.

### White Net Gown.

A charming gown is of white net with blossoms hung from the tabs of silver braid. Another pretty decoration consists of bowknots of silver ribbon.

## THE SANDMAN IN STORY

by Mrs. F.A. WALKER

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### ARABELLA

Arabella was a beautiful wax doll, in her day, and was given the best of care by her mother who was very fond of her, and when the mother was too old to play with dolls she wrapped Arabella in a soft cloth and put her in a drawer, where she remained for many years.

Then one day she took her out, and Arabella heard her say to a little girl who stood beside her:

"This was my best doll when I was a little girl. Now I am going to give her to you. Her name is Arabella, and you must be very careful of her, for she is wax and cannot be dropped without breaking, as your other dolls."

"But, mother," the little girl said, "can't she be mended if I break her?"

"No," said her mother, "it will spoil poor Arabella if you drop her, as her head is very soft."

Arabella was very carefully handled for a few days. She was put in a pretty carriage and wheeled about; then she was undressed at night and put into a nice little bed, and she had a new dress and a stylish bonnet, and a number of little girls came to see her. Her new mother told them that Arabella was very old and that her mother played with her when she was a little girl. But Arabella laughed to herself. She did not feel old, and she knew if her mother gave her good care she would always look young and feel young.

Poor Arabella's Face Was Changed.

There came a day, however, when her new mother became tired of her, and she was left all day without being dressed, and sometimes she would have to lie in bed for days at a time with her eyes closed. At other times she would be left in her carriage all night, and there she would sit, staring into the darkness, and she would wish her new mother would put her to bed so she could close her eyes.

One night Arabella was left in her carriage on the piazza all night.

"Oh, dear!" thought Arabella. "I will freeze out here in the night air."

And a big dog came up to her carriage and sniffed at her.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she cried. "What will I do? I am so afraid!"

Then the dog licked her cheek and took off some of the red. Poor Arabella almost fainted, but she sat quite still and looked straight ahead, and the dog walked away.

Arabella was glad when the daylight came, but the sun came also, and her new mother did not move her carriage, for she was busy making mud pies on the shady side of the house. By and by the sun crept up to Arabella's carriage and then to her feet, and finally all over her.

"Oh, dear," thought Arabella, "will no one save me? I shall melt. I know I shall;" but her new mother was very busy with her cooking.

At lunch time the new mother ran around to the front of the house to meet her father, and then she saw Arabella, and such an Arabella you never saw. Her new mother looked at her, and ran into the house for her mother to come quick and see what had happened to Arabella. Poor Arabella's face was changed, indeed: the wax had melted and run down her cheeks; she looked old and sad.

"I told you not to leave her in the sun," said the mother to the little girl.

"But can't her face be put in shape again?" asked the new mother.

"No," said Arabella's first mother, "she is spoiled, and to think I played with her for years, and she was as good as new when I gave her to you."

She took Arabella out of the carriage. "You poor old dolly," she said, and Arabella leaned lovingly against her. "The children nowadays do not love their dolls as I did when I was a little girl. I thought as much of you then as a mother does of her child. I'll put you back in the attic," she said, carrying Arabella into the house, "for I cannot put you in the ragbag. Even if your face is spoiled, you always will be Arabella to me, no matter how you look."

So Arabella went back to the soft cloth and the drawer, where she was glad to be, for she was tired, and she closed her eyes for a long sleep.

### Polite Tommy.

Tommy's father had been giving him lessons in politeness.

One day, hearing noise coming from the nursery, he investigated and found Tommy pounding his little brother.

"I'm surprised, Tommy," said his father, sternly, "that you should hurt your little brother. Don't you know that it is cowardly to strike one who is smaller than yourself?"

"Yes," replied the culprit, meekly, "but when you spanked me yesterday I was too polite to mention it."—Ladies' Home Journal.

### In the Vernacular.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "give me an example of an adjective."

"I don't know one, ma'am."

"Suppose a mad dog were after you and you ran home before he could catch you. What sort of running would you call that?"

"I'd call that 'lightin' a shuck.'"

### A Hot One.

Edith (aged eight, boastfully)—My mother's fan is hand-painted.

Ethel (aged nine)—Yes, an' so is your mother.

## GIRLS ALWAYS GETTING HURT

### Small Boy Gives Reasons for Objecting to Sister as Playmate—Observation of Child Life.

In the Woman's Home Companion Mary Heaton Vorse writes a story entitled, "The Independence of Sarah." It is full of wise observation of child life. In the following extract, Alice, the mother of a family, learns why her small son Robert does not want his sister Sarah as a playmate.

"Her sense of justice made Alice feel that Robert should let Sarah into his out-of-door games. She had a theory that little boys and girls play the same games if they are brought up naturally together. For the most part Sarah shared this opinion of her mother; she shared it strongly; she shared it vociferously. Robert differed.

"He put it this way: 'Fellows don't want a girl forever tagging around and always yelling.'

"'I should think,' responded his mother, 'that you want your little sister to play with you.'

"Thus driven into a corner he said: "'I want her to play with me, all right; but if she's going to play, why don't she play? She always gets hurt with the least thing and comes home bawling.'

"To this Alice responded: 'It's her feelings that get hurt.'"

"'I don't care what part of her gets hurt,' said the downright Robert, 'if it gets hurt—and she yells, and the boys say to me: "Oh, gee! Here comes your sister again. Run!"'"

"'I can run just as fast as lots of you,' said Sarah. 'I can run faster than Skinny Allen. I can run faster than Mud Morse.'

"'I know you can,' responded her brother gloomily; 'that's what makes it so fierce. We'd get away lots oftener if you couldn't.'"

## TOKENS OF HIGH CHARACTER

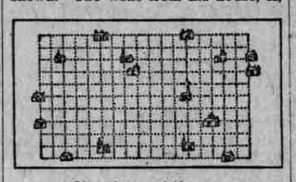
### Good Manners Recommend, Prepare and Draw People Together—Make Fortune of Ambitious Youth.

We are told much of utilities, but 'tis our manners that associate us. In hours of business we go to him who knows, or has, or does this or that which we want, and we do not let our taste or feeling stand in the way. But, this activity over, we return to the indolent state, and wish for those we can be at ease with; those who will go where we go, whose manners do not offend us, whose social tone chimes ours. When we reflect upon their persuasive and cheerful force; how they recommend, prepare and draw people together; how, in all clubs, manners make the members; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; that, for the most part, he marries manners; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey, and what this fine telegraph—we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power and beauty.—Emerson.

## PUZZLE FOR THE MOTORISTS

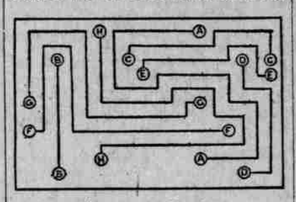
### Eight Drivers Went to Different Churches One Morning and None Crossed Path of the Other.

Eight motorists drove to church one morning. Their respective houses and churches, together with the only roads available (the dotted lines), are shown. One went from his house, A,



Churches and Houses.

to his church, A; another from his house, B, to his church, B; another from C to C, and so on; but it was afterwards found that no driver ever crossed the track of another car. Take



Answer to Puzzle.

your pencil and try to trace out their various routes.

The routes taken by the eight drivers are shown in the illustration, where the dotted line roads are omitted to make the paths clear to the eye.

### A Great Secret.

Gertie is only four, but she can keep a secret very well indeed. The other day she almost told about a nice surprise, but remembered in time not to mention it. It happened like this: Gertie was writing a letter all by herself and was hard at work upon it when mother came in.

"Why, what a beautiful letter!" said mother. "Who is it for?"

"Oh, I can't tell you," the little maiden answered hastily, "because it's a secret and a surprise, but—but—you'll know when you get it!"

### No Way to Stop the Sun.

Charlie and Nancy had quarreled. After their supper mother tried to reestablish friendly relations. She told them of the Bible verse, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

"Now, Charlie," she pleaded, "are you going to let the sun go down on your wrath?"

Charlie squirmed a little. Then: "Well, how can I stop it?"—Kansas City Star.

### Would Take Her Up.

"Now, Earlie, once for all, will you wash your face and hands?"

"Sure thing, if it's once for all."

### Gave Her Away.

Tommy (aged seven)—Oh! sister Nell don't care nothing about Mr. Fresh.

His Mother—How do you know?

Tommy—Why, when he's in the parlor she won't even let him have a chair to himself.

### Not a Peace Believer.

"Don't you know, little boy, that you shouldn't fight?"

"Gwan, lady, I ain't one of them here pacifists the papers are talkin 'bout."

## FACTS TO BE FACED

### But Two Courses Open to the United States.

### Tariff Law Must Be Revised to Protect American Industry, or Standard of Living in This Country Be Lowered.

No matter how far apart the regular Republicans and the Progressives may be on some national problems—though the chasm seems to be narrowing as the days go by—the great majority of them are of one opinion on th subject of the tariff, which it now seems assured will once again be the vital issue in next year's campaign. Secretary of Commerce Redfield, who has more than once given evidence justifying the belief that he is at heart a protectionist, recently invited advice from practical commercial men as to the most effective means of preventing the dumping of manufactured products into this country from Europe after the war. One of the first replies comes from George W. Perkins, chairman of the Progressive national committee, who first shows how utterly impractical is Mr. Redfield's suggestion that American consular agents at different shipping points in Europe be instructed not to allow any goods to be shipped from Europe that are likely to be sold over here at such a low price as to affect our manufacturers unfavorably, and then states forcefully the obvious truth that it is the Underwood tariff act alone which makes the "dumping" process possible.

"How," asks Mr. Perkins, "could Europe be preparing to use us as a dumping ground if our tariff were not such as to permit her to do it? And what right would we have to complain and try to investigate her costs of manufacture and all that sort of thing when we so recently deliberately changed our tariff in such a way as to invite her to compete with our manufacturers on terms more favorable than she enjoyed before? And when the tariff was changed the Wilson administration told our people that it was done for their advantage and to reduce the cost of their living."

That is all there is to the question. If Americans find it advantageous to buy the products of European factories under the rates of duty prescribed by the Underwood act, Mr. Redfield can invent no method of keeping them out of this country. That can only be done by revising the tariff law, or by manufacturing so cheaply in the United States that our products can compete in our own markets with those turned out by the labor of poverty-stricken Europe, toiling for a pittance after the war.

### The Great American Policy.

The president, Secretary Redfield and other Democrats high in authority are giving consideration to the tariff, and what should be done to meet conditions that have come, and others that are coming, as the result of the war. Established American industries, new industries in contemplation, and the American scale of wages, are involved. American independence in the wide field of manufacture has not yet been achieved. American wages must be kept on a basis of American comfort and fair reward for labor performed.

Here we have protection in its plain and logical form. We are to guard ourselves against competition which either has the start of us, or the advantage of us in the important particular of cost of production. The policy commends itself to all practical men. It lies at the base of all we have accomplished in the line of manufacture and of general commercial growth.

### Must Be Strong on Tariff.

"It is on the tariff that the Republican party will have to make the fight in 1916," remarked former Representative Ralph Cameron of Arizona, at Washington. "And on the tariff, the Republican party in the national convention will nominate the man who best represents Republican principles as they apply to the tariff. We of the West are vitally interested in the tariff, because we have seen our industries injured by competition with foreign nations, notwithstanding the European war. If the war had not come, we would have been swamped and would have known not which way to lay our head. The war has saved temporarily some of our industries."

### McKinley's Death Heavy Loss.

The death of President McKinley was a great loss in every way, but in no way more pronounced than in that of tariff revision. Had he lived we should have seen the tariff revised on downward lines; and successfully revised, because the work would have been performed under the frank contention of the beneficence of protection as a national policy.

### Protection Always in Mind.

It is by no means a new thing for Democrats in authority to recognize the value of protection and assist in applying it. They have done so before. In fact, whenever the responsibility has devolved on them they have always done so. Elections have been won on fierce and sounding tirades against protection and lofty glorifications of free trade, but the stump promises made were never redeemed. Protection, in some measure, would always be served.

### Deserve Praise for One Thing.

Massachusetts Progressives joined the Republicans on the Republican convention adopting part of the Progressive platform, thereby showing that they were more interested in principles than offices.

### Of Course He Will.

Secretary McAdoo says he will "study the towns demanding new post offices." But of course he will scornfully reject all information as to the number of Democratic votes they can produce.

### The Irish of It.

Someone noticed that Pat was ambidextrous. "When I was a boy," he explained, "my father always said to me: 'Pat, learn to cut your finger nails wid yer left hand, for some day ye might lose yer richt hand.'"—Boston Evening Transcript.

### Bringing Father Up to Date.

"Speaking of filial regard."

"Yes?"

"There's young Pell. He's teaching the old gentleman a few of the latest dance steps."





### The Reason.

"This dog of ours," said Mr. Jones to the Sabbath dinner guest, "is a most peculiar animal; he runs away very often and stays for days—but he always comes home on Sunday."

"Why is that? Why does he choose Sunday to return?" asked the guest.

"I really don't know," smiled Mrs. Jones, tenderly stroking the dog's sleek brown head. "Some strange canine intuition, I suppose."

"Canine nuthin'," sniffed little Johnny Jones. "I 'spect he knows that Sunday's the on'y day we have a decent meal."—Judge.

### A New Way to Propose.

"What I object to," said the thoughtful young woman, "is the idea of taxation without representation."

"If I were a married man," responded the admiring youth, "I'd be glad to take my wife's advice on how I voted. How would you like to have me represent you at the polls?"

Another peculiar thing about the electoral college is that it has no baseball team.



Locusts this year seriously injured olive trees in Syria.











## PUT YOUR TRUST IN GOD

### Faith in Him Means All Things That Are Good for His Children on the Earth.

Signs may weaken our faith instead of strengthen it. We feel that "seeing is believing;" we forget that believing without seeing is the best kind of believing. God pledges us his inviolable word that, if we will let him, he will meet our every need. We answer: "But I could believe this so much better if he would now give me one or two proofs of it." Sometimes God meets our weak faith by giving us the very proofs that we ask for. Oftener he withholds such proofs, knowing that to give them would be, not to strengthen, but to weaken our faith. For faith is not sight; the moment it insists upon seeing it ceases to be faith. Faith trusts God not for what he sees but for what he is. The very best thing for our faith may be the utter absence of every seeming evidence that God is faithful. Doctor Haldeman has well said: "It is a dangerous thing for Christians to ask signs from God. He who begins so to ask, sooner or later steps out of the path of faith into the path of open eyesight; in asking for signs he is asking that he may see, touch and handle. He is not asking that he may be able to believe in God, but that God may so demonstrate himself that the seeker need not exercise faith at all." Is it strange, then, that God lovingly withholds from you the thing that, although you long for it, would only further weaken your present weak faith in him? Let us rejoice in that silence of God which we may use for the strengthening of our faith in him.—Sunday School Times.

### Love.

Love is the highest gift of God: humble, gentle, patient love; all visions, revelations, manifestations whatever are little things compared to love.—John Wesley.

A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.—Schiller.

### Classic Styles for Girls.

When she helps her young daughter with suggestions for dress designs, the mother who recognizes how well youth and simplicity blend gives a favorable verdict to these models based upon the simple classical lines and draperies. An artist's design for a frock that would serve the double purpose of a late afternoon and evening gown shows the classical influence strongly. Made of that softest of soft pink mouseline de soie, the color of which is known aptly as foxglove, it has upon the crossed shoulder band and round the waist, as well as upon the triangular pieces in the front and at the back of the corsage, embroideries done in bronze and aluminum threads, which contrast exceedingly well with the rest.

### Unkind Thrust.

First Author—"Have you heard that Scribbleton has taken a wife?" Second Author—"Yes. I suppose he wanted to double the circle of his readers."—Boston Transcript.

### Jewelry Fancies.

Brooches are again very fashionable. Stones in rings are cut in designs running across the finger. Necklaces are narrow and tight with jeweled ornaments under the chin. Bracelets in narrow styles are set with diamonds and semiprecious stones. For evening wear elbow styles are favored. Watches are worn in bracelets, and will also hang pendant from the neck, the main ornament in the chain being next to the watch. Gold belt buckles mounted on leather or the material like the dress are smart. Sleeve links are made of loose links and short connections.

### For a Damp Room.

When papering a damp room the following hint will be useful: Take half a pint of alum and half a pint of glue-size. Dissolve each together in a pail of boiling water; take off the old paper and wash the wall once or twice with the solution; when dry it can be papered. No damp will ever show through the solution.